

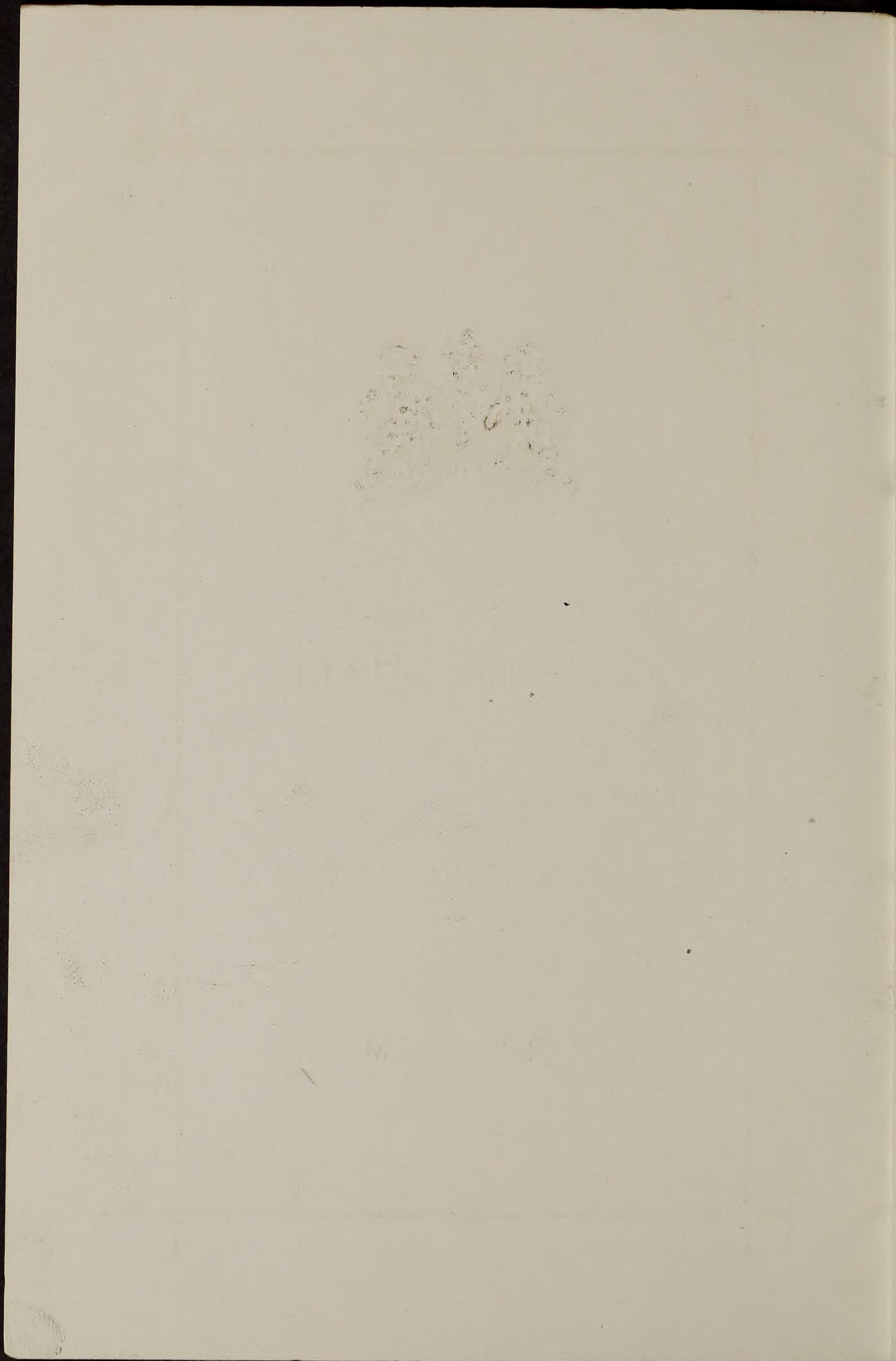


DRAPERS' HALL.

JUNE 2ND, 1908.

PROGRAMME.









**Master:**

ARTHUR WARREN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

**Wardens:**

WALTER SILVESTER GARDNER, ESQ.

KEDDY RAY FLETCHER, ESQ.

ARTHUR STEWART DANIELL, ESQ.

COLONEL STARLING MEUX BENSON.

**Clerks:**

SIR WILLIAM SAWYER.

ERNEST HENRY POOLEY, ESQ.





E. COUCHMAN & Co., LTD., LONDON.



# SELECTION OF MUSIC

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. HENRY BIRD.



## VOCALISTS:

Miss PERCEVAL ALLEN,  
Madame ADA CROSSLEY,  
Miss GERALDINE WILSON,  
Mr. LLOYD CHANDOS,  
Mr. DALTON BAKER.

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## Solo Violin:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

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## At the Pianoforte:

Mr. HENRY R. BIRD.



# PROGRAMME.

## PART I.

DUET, VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE "Romance in G" ...*Beethoven.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW AND MR. HENRY BIRD.

SONG....."The Enchantress".....*Hatton.*

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.

SCENA..... "The Jewel Song" (*Faust*)... ..*Gounod.*

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN.

SONG..... "O! Vision Entrancing" .....*Goring Thomas.*

MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

RECIT. AND AIR..... "Ombra mai fu" .....*Handel.*

MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.

SOLO VIOLIN "Andante and Finale"(*from Concerto*) *Mendelssohn.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

DRINKING SONG *from the "Rose of Persia"*.....*Sullivan.*

MR. DALTON BAKER.

SONG..... "Good-Bye" .....*Tosti.*

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.



VOCAL DUET "Dear Love of Mine" (*Nadeshda*). *Goring Thomas*.

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN AND MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

SONG..... "Land of Hope and Glory" .....*Elgar.*

MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.

SONGS.....

(a)	"I send you Roses"	.....Dora Robinson.
(b)	"A Birthday"	.....F. H. Cowen.

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN.

SONGS ..... { (a) "I think"..... } Guy D'Hardelot.  
                              { (b) "In the Great Unknown" }

MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

SOLO VIOLIN .....	{ (a) "Nocturne in D" .....	Chopin.
	{ (b) "Le Zephyr" .....	Hubay.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONG..... "A Song of Surrey" .....*Hermann Löhr.*

MR. DALTON BAKER.

SONGS ..... { (a) "Allah ! be with us" ... *Woodforde-Finden.*  
                              { (b) "Love, I have won you" *Landon Ronald.*

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.

QUARTET..... “ Un dì, se ben ” (*Rigoletto*)..... *Verdi*.

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, MADAME ADA CROSSLEY,  
MR. LLOYD CHANDOS AND MR. DALTON BAKER.



PART I.



DUET, VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

*Beethoven.*

Romance in G.

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW AND MR. HENRY BIRD.



SONG.

*Hutton.***The Enchantress.**

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.

**B**Y the lore of ages far,  
 By the rites which cowards shun,  
 I, from grave, and herb, and star,  
 Have my wand of triumph won.  
 Warriors I have brought to shame,  
 Turning glory to disgrace;  
 Kings have trembled when I came,  
 Reading doom upon my face.  
 But for thee  
 My wild hair shall braided be  
 With the rose of richest breath,  
 With the jasmine white as Death,  
 And my voice in music flow,  
 And mine eyes all gently glow:  
 O, believe me, love like ours  
 Is the power of magic powers.

I know where the storm is born  
 That shall break the strong Earth's frame  
 From the fierce volcano's horn,  
 Brimming o'er with living flame!  
 I could name the very cloud  
 Whence the tempest forth did sweep  
 Which the strongest ships hath bowed,  
 Built to rule the rebel deep.  
 But for thee  
 Shall be calm on earth and sea,  
 Gentle rivers, teeming mines,  
 Golden harvests, fragrant vines,  
 And a sunlight bland and warm,  
 And a moon of dreamy charm:  
 For, believe me, love like ours  
 Is the power of magic powers.



SCENA.

*(Faust.)**Gounod.***Jewel Song.**

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN.

*Recitative.*

O HEAV'N! what brilliant gems  
 With their magical glare deceive my eyes?  
 Can they be real?  
 O never in my sleep did I dream of aught so lovely!  
 If I dared for a moment but to try those earrings so  
 splendid!  
 Ah! and here by a chance at the bottom of the casket  
 is a glass!  
 Who could resist it longer?

*Aria.*

AH! the joy, past compare, these jewels bright to  
 wear!  
 Was I ever maiden lowly?  
 Is it I? Come, reply, mirror; tell me truly.  
 No, no! this is not I!

No, surely enchantment is on me,  
 High-born maiden I must be!  
 This is not I!  
 But a noble and king shall pay homage before me!  
 Ah! might it only be  
 He could my beauty see now as a royal lady  
 He would indeed adore me,  
 Ah! Ah! as now a royal lady he would adore me,  
 Here is more ready to adorn me!  
 None is here to spy!  
 The necklace, the bracelet white, a string of pearls!  
 Ah! it feels as if a weight laid on my arm did burn me!

*Henry F. Chorley.*



SONG.

*Goring Thomas.***O! Vision Entrancing.**

MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

O! VISION entrancing, O! lovely and light,  
My heart at thy dancing grows faint for delight,  
It throbs and it flutters, it flutters and throbs,  
And strives like a wild bird to follow thy flight.  
Am I awake or dreaming?  
Am I near or afar?  
Her beauty around me is beaming,  
Fair, oh, fair as the evening star,  
Fair, so fair, yet so poor and lowly,  
Dear, so dear to this heart of mine,  
Till my love grows pure and holy  
As before a saint in a shrine.  
Oh! she is the star of my even,  
The sun of my day,  
My angel in heaven,  
To watch me and pray.

Sweet vision entrancing, O! lovely and light,  
etc.



RECIT. AND AIR. (Xerxes.) *Handel.*

**Ombra mai fù.**

MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.

*Recit.*

**H**RONDE tenere, e belle,  
Del mio platano amato  
Per voi risplende il fato ;  
Tuoni lampi e procelle  
Non v' oltraggino mai la cara pace,  
N' e giunga profanarvi Austro rapace !

*Air.*

Ombra mai fù,  
Di vegetabile  
Cara ed amabile,  
Soave più.

SOLO VIOLIN.

*Mendelssohn.*

**Andante and Finale from Concerto.**

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.



DRINKING SONG. (*Rose of Persia.*) *Sir A. Sullivan.*

### I care not if the cup I hold.

MR. DALTON BAKER.

I CARE not if the cup I hold be one of fair design,  
Of crystal, silver, or of gold, if it containeth wine,  
And humble horn will I not scorn if it do carry wine.

Fill high ! Drink dry !

The cup doth matter nought I trow,  
If only it be deep enow !

Ah ! for though the cup be earthen bowl,

'Twill hold the juice of grape ;

Then up, up, up, and judge the soul,

And not the outward shape !

I care not how a man be clad, or who a man may be,  
If he be one to make me glad to share his company,  
Oh ! nought I care what he may wear, while he's good  
company !

Fill high ! Drink dry !

For royal wine may sparkle in

Your clumsy clay or crystal thin !

Ah ! for though the cup be earthen bowl, &c.



SONG.

*Tosti.***Good-Bye.**

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.

FALLING leaf and fading tree,  
 Lines of white in a sullen sea,  
 Shadows rising on you and me ;  
 The swallows are making them ready to fly,  
 Wheeling out on a windy sky.  
 Good-bye, Summer ! Good-bye.

Hush ! A voice from the far away !  
 " Listen and learn," it seems to say,  
 " All the to-morrows shall be as to-day."  
 The cord is frayed, the cruse is dry,  
 The link must break, and the lamp must die.  
 Good-bye to Hope ! Good-bye !

What are we waiting for, oh ! my heart ?  
 Kiss me straight on the brows and part—  
 Again, again, my heart, my heart !  
 What are we waiting for, you and I ?  
 A pleading look, a stifled cry.  
 Good-bye for ever ! Good-bye !



## PART II.

VOCAL DUET.      (*Nadeshda.*)      *Goring Thomas.*

## Dear Love of Mine.

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN AND MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

*Tenor.*

DEAR love of mine, look up above thee,  
And, looking, tell me if I love thee ;  
Close on my heart I feel thee lying,  
As I shall feel thee when I'm dying.

*Soprano.*

Lord of my life ! and hast thou found me ?  
O love ! I feel thy strong arms around me ;  
O love ! I hear thy dear voice sighing,  
As I shall hear thee when I'm dying.

*Tenor and Soprano.*

Bright hours of love too quickly fleeting,  
Long years apart for one brief meeting,  
Day follows day in endless moving,  
And leaves too short a time for loving.



SONG.

*Elgar.***Land of Hope and Glory.**

MADAME ADA CROSSLEY.

**D**EAR Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned,  
 God make thee mightier yet !  
 On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,  
 Once more thy crown is set.  
 Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,  
 Have ruled thee well and long ;  
 By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,  
 Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free,  
 How shall we extol thee, who are born of thee ?  
 Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set ;  
 God, who made thee mighty, make thee  
 mightier yet !

Thy fame is ancient as the days,  
 As ocean large and wide ;  
 A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,  
 A stern and silent pride ;  
 Not that false joy that dreams content  
 With what our sires have won ;  
 The blood a hero sire hath spent  
 Still nerves a hero son.

Land of Hope and Glory, etc.

*Arthur C. Benson.*



SONGS.

{ a. "I send you Roses." *Dora Robinson.*  
 { b. "A Birthday." *F. H. Cowen.*

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN.

a. **I send you Roses.**

**I** SEND you roses, red like love,  
 And white like death, sweet friend,  
 Born in your bosom to rejoice,  
 Languish, and pine, and end.

If the white roses tell of death,  
 Let the red roses mend  
 The talk with true stories of love  
 Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses—love and death—  
 What else is left to send?  
 For what is love but life—the means?  
 And death, dear heart, the end?

*W. E. Henley.**(Hawthorn and Lavender) 1901.*b. **A Birthday.**

**M**Y heart is like the singing bird,  
 Whose nest is in a water-shoot;  
 My heart is like an apple tree,  
 Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;  
 My heart is like a rainbow shell  
 That paddles in a halcyon sea,—  
 My heart is gladder than all these  
 Because my love has come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down,  
 Hang it with fair and purple dyes:  
 Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,  
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
 In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys,—  
 Because the birthday of my life is come.  
 My love has come to me.

*Christina Rossetti.*



SONGS { *a.* "I think."  
*b.* "In the Great Unknown." } *Guy D'Hardelot.*

MR. LLOYD CHANDOS.

*a.* **I think.**

**I** THINK

When the flowers are dead,  
 And the wild skies weep, because they're asleep,  
 In their warm earthly bed,  
 I shall find in your eyes—Summer skies.

I think

When the sunshine is done,  
 And the land grows grey because the long day  
 Must fade away with the sun,  
 I shall find in your face—Summer's grace.

I think

When the birds are all mute,  
 And the echoes still with never a trill  
 From a wee feathered lute,  
 I shall find in your song—Hope grown strong,

I think

When the world is all past,  
 And the long, long sleep, so silent, so deep.  
 Shall hush me quiet at last,  
 I shall hear in the grass—You—when you pass.



*b. In the Great Unknown.*

SHOULD I be dying, read from out some book,  
 That thy melodious voice, thy loving look,  
 May help to waft me, as it were with wings,  
 And teach my thoughts to turn to better things.  
 Then when the sunlight of my life has set,  
 Kiss thou my lips, nor in thy grief forget  
 To stand before me, closing both mine eyes,  
 That I may keep thy face till I arise.  
 Pray then that when my spirit forth hath flown,  
 Our souls may meet somewhere in the great unknown.

*Mackenzie Fairfax.*

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SOLO VIOLIN.

*a. Nocturne in D. Chopin.*

*b. Le Zephyr. Hubay.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.



SONG.

*Hermann Löhr.***A Song of Surrey.**

MR. DALTON BAKER.

**S**URREY, fair daughter of England,  
 Peerless in thirty and nine !  
 Common and upland and moorland,  
 Bracken and birches entwine !  
 Coarse land and chalk land and poor land,  
 Odour of pine !  
 Years in their turn round her flinging  
 Raiment of blue-bells till June !  
 And her voice is a nightingale singing,  
 Silent too soon !

Bared is her breast to the weather !  
 Stripped to the storm and the gloom !  
 Flushed is her face with pink heather !  
 Golden her tresses with broom !  
 Gorse gold lies loose on her shoulder,  
 Stirred by a breath from the sea.  
 He who made heather and boulder  
 Loved her and bade her be free !

Count me the counties of England !  
 Match me a rival for mine !  
 Common and upland and moorland,  
 Odour of fir-tree and pine !

*Hugh Mytton*



SONGS. { *a. "Allah ! be with us" Woodforde-Finden.*  
*b. "Love, I have won you" Landon Ronald.*

MISS GERALDINE WILSON.

*a. Allah ! be with us.*

**A**H, when the dark on many a heart descends,  
 Our joy more swiftly runs ;  
 Heart of my heart, our great love never ends,  
 Though set ten thousand suns !

Allah ! be with us when that last deep night  
 Shall wrap us round about ;  
 And love be with us with her steadfast light  
 When Death our lamp burns out.

*b. Love, I have won you.*

**L**OVE, I have won you, and held you  
 In a life-long quickening dream,  
 When the meadows sprang fair with flowers  
 And the river was all a gleam.

Warm shone the sunlight around us,  
 And clear were the skies above,  
 Till the stars peeped forth in the twilight  
 And the moon rose pale with love.

Love, I have won you and held you,  
 Life has no more to give,  
 Then come to me here in the sunshine—  
 It is summer, ah ! let us live !



QUARTET.

*(Rigoletto.)**Verdi.***Un dì, se ben.**

MISS PERCEVAL ALLEN, MADAME ADA CROSSLEY,  
MR. LLOYD CHANDOS AND MR. DALTON BAKER.

**U**N dì, se ben rammentomi,  
O bella, t'incontrai,  
Mi piacque di te chiederò,  
E intosi che quì stai,  
Or sappi, che d'allora  
Sol te quest' alma adora.

Bella figlia dell' amore  
Schiavo son de' vezzi tuoi  
Con un detto sol tu puoi  
Le mie pene consolar.  
Vieni, e senti del mio core  
Il frequente palpar, &c.



